

# Good Morning 378

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)

## Temperament was the Traitor

By W. H. MILLIER

CARPENTIER'S defection in causing C. B. Cochran to lose the only available date at Olympia simply added to the enormous publicity given to the match, which would have filled a building twice the size of Olympia, had there been one in London at that time.

But the promoter did not sit down and weep, nor did he gnash his teeth. He had been too long a leading figure in the show business not to understand what might be termed crowd-psychology. He made his plans accordingly.

HE could not have the use of the largest hall, therefore he would make use of the smallest. It sounds a queer proceeding, but it was sound enough, as it proved.

You may be sure the promoter had already worked out just what his profits would be with a full house at Olympia. He doubtless added this sum to the purse-money, and other incidental expenses, and from the total he worked out just what price it would be necessary to put on the seats at the Holborn Stadium in order to derive the expected profit.

You see, Cochran had his hand on the public pulse. He knew that war profiteers were frittering away their money as freely as it had come to them. No matter the price, if they wanted something in the luxury line, they would pay for it.

Thus the prices were fixed at £25 downwards, and they didn't go down very far. Did anyone say history does not repeat itself?

Cochran had worked it out to a nicety. Far from scaring people off with such high prices, all the seats could have been sold twice over at double the price.

All traffic in the neighbourhood of Holborn was held up on the night of the fight. Extra police had to be called out to handle the crowds, and it looked as if they would have to send along to Millbank for the services of the Guards.

The promoter had no need to spend money on publicity, and he cut out all the dead-ends. He was running several theatres at that time, and at one of them, George Graves, the old comedy actor, was the big attraction.

George was a great fight fan, and he wanted to see Beckett and Carpentier do their stuff. Much to this cheery soul's annoyance, he was not given a complimentary ticket.

All the same, he did not do his act that night. He had some difficulty in getting into the Holborn Stadium, but at last succeeded in getting in "on his face."

When he did get in, it was only to find that the so-called big fight was over. That was very mortifying to George after all his trouble in getting into the building; but he was even more annoyed when Cochran deducted one night's pay from his salary.

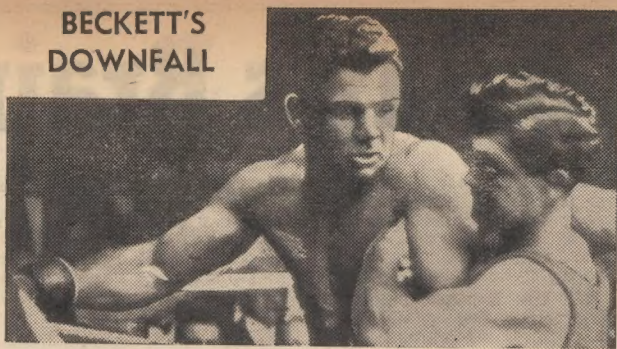
George Graves was not the only one in the hall who missed seeing the fight. One man, who had paid his £25, had just found his seat, and was fiddling about to find his programme, which he had dropped, when there was a loud shout, and the so-called big fight was over.

The story of this man who saw nothing for £25 spread with great rapidity, and in the clubs and restaurants shortly afterwards there were dozens, and later hundreds, who had paid that price and had never seen the fight. Charles Cochran must have chuckled. He knew his public.

**MAN WHO MADE THE MONEY.**

It was in the nature of things as they were in those artificial days of false pros-

BECKETT'S  
DOWNFALL



scarcely any the less when the result filtered through to the crowd outside, where many thousands had gathered to view the celebrities and to gather news of the progress of the fight.

**TO JOE IT WASN'T FUNNY.**

Whether somebody had spread the rumour that Beckett had not tried as hard as he might have done, I cannot say, but whatever the cause, the fact remains that some toughs made a cowardly assault on Beckett as he was making his way towards his car, which had to be left some distance from the hall, owing to the large number of vehicles parked in the vicinity.

A colleague of mine, a small and inoffensive-looking man, was accompanying Beckett.

He was in the course of doing his job by getting Beckett's own story of the contest, and was badly beaten up by the toughs.

This is the only occasion I can recall of a first-class boxer being assaulted in the street after coming away from a contest.

It was not until some time later that Beckett told me why he had gone into the ring looking as if he would far sooner be anywhere else.

First one person had come to his dressing-room giving advice, and then another, each trying to impart totally different ideas.

Finally, he finished up by having a bitter argument with his manager, and this rankled.

I have already mentioned that he was temperamental, and it may be gathered that he had no clear head for the job in hand when he came to face Carpentier in the ring.

It was all very unfortunate, of course, for everybody concerned, except Carpentier, who was thereby elevated to a position far above his true standing.

He was credited with powers he never possessed, and so much was written around this quick knock-out by ill-informed persons that in time many of

our heavy-weights, who ought to have known better, began to believe that this Frenchman must be something of a super-man.

I must say this for Carpentier: That affair with Beckett made him realise how easy it was to bamboozle an opponent by a series of feints when out of striking distance; thus to make him uncover his jaw and fall a ready victim to a quick knock-out.

**FELL FOR A BIG LOSS.**

In subsequent encounters he demonstrated how easy it was, and in so doing packed up several thousands of good English pounds in the process—money for nothing, as you might say.

It was patent to anyone able to judge that Carpentier was nothing like so good as he had been before the war—that was, five years earlier.

For my part, I felt tolerably certain that Beckett had only to reproduce the form he displayed when beating Goddard and McGorty to have beaten Carpentier beyond any shadow of doubt.

Had he been able to shake off that feeling of resentment instead of taking it into the ring, it must have made all the difference between ghastly failure and victory.

Looking back to that period, I can now realise all too clearly that this defeat, and the unpopularity in which its effects enshrouded him, was the turning-point in Beckett's career—the wrong turning.

He was never quite the same boxer, and, except in two or three instances, which I shall recall in due course, he seemed to lack all confidence in himself.

He failed just at the time when British heavy-weight boxing appeared to have a chance of winning back some of the lustre it had lost; and just when so many people were supporting the game with an interest never before known to be so keen and widespread.

It was enough to make the very ring-posts weep.

perity following World War No. 1 that the mugs who had clamoured to pay the highest price to see the sensation of the moment, derived much more pleasure out of being able to say they had seen nothing than admit that they saw the most disappointing fight fiasco up to date.

Even the newspapers devoted much more space to the affair than they would have done if it had gone the full distance and had been a really great contest.

Many and varied were the explanations of Beckett's inept display, but none of them hit the mark.

The contest lasted 63 seconds, and Beckett was carried to his corner an inglorious loser. Inglorious, because he had scarcely attempted to box.

He shaped up more like a man in a trance than a champion engaged in a contest that should not have been at all difficult for him to win.

Trust the wily Frenchman, who was as quick a thinker as any man in the glove game, to spot that his opponent was fidgety and uncomfortable. This was just what he wanted. He just loved to see his opponents looking in that shape.

He was not the one to give his adversary any time to settle down. From the first sound of the gong he went into the fight, and feinted to make Beckett cover up awkwardly. He slung his right, but Beckett slipped inside.

This was repeated three times, and then the right connected, and down went Beckett, to be counted out after barely one minute's fighting.

The disappointment felt by almost everyone present may well be imagined, and it was

## "FIREMAN DAN"

WHEN there was a call of "Fire!" more than 15 years ago, "Fireman Dan" of Rotherham, Yorks, used to round up tradesmen's horses to gallop through the town on an antiquated engine. He wore a peaked cap and navy blue tunic, of which he was proud.

But to-day Mr. Daniel Farnsworth, of Clifton Terrace, Wellgate, Rotherham, at the age of 77, still a fireman, for a brewery company, pulls on crinkly oilskins, dons a tin hat, and is soon at the "ready" with a modern fire trailer pump, which he helps to assemble in quick time. Before he became a full-blown fireman, Dan, a collier, used to man a manual pump, with twelve men on each side drawing up the water.

But he was ambitious, and was not content until he could



At the Ready.

Introduced by  
John Fairest

play the hose on a fire himself. In 1902 he became a member of the town's new volunteer brigade.

"Being a fireman in three wars is a bit of a record, I should think," he told "Good Morning." "The first real big fire I went to was when Mafeking was relieved, during the Boer War, and there was so much excitement that a fire was started in the High Street. Mind you, it took a long time to get to fires in those days, because we had to fetch the horses, and sometimes wait because they were being used by their owners.

"I went to lots of big fires in this district—one being a big blaze at a chemical works. Fire-fighting is a hobby as well as work to me. But it's easy in these days with modern equipment."

## HERE'S 700 YEAR-OLD WAR FACTORY

(Report by

Charles Gretton)

LONG before it was fashionable to have staggered dinner-hours, factory Essential Works Orders, or Music While You Work, a little war factory was started near London.

It was quite a factory, for those times, and to mark its opening the City company responsible received its charter from the King. The King was Edward I—and the factory began in the year 1238, just over 700 years ago. The "war" for which it produced essential equipment was the almost continuous war of Edward's reign, and from then onwards without a break the tanneries of Bermondsey have been turning out war goods, fancy goods and leather articles which could be exported in exchange for foreign currency. This was just as true in Elizabeth's time as it is today.

Istanbul states that last year sheep, lamb and goats' skins were among the principal Turkish products purchased by the U.K.C.C., in return for which we have sent many exports to Turkey, including boots. Empire ships still carry hides into the Port of London, the leather is treated there, the boots and other goods manufactured on the spot, then the finished articles are exported. And all the while important sections of the factory are carrying on with their war work just as they did when the London Saddlers' Company received its first charter from Edward I.

In peace-time, hides from all over the world came into the London River—from India, South Africa, Abyssinia, Australia, New Zealand, and even China. Now India is the main supplier of hides for this particular section of the factories on war work.

For that section of the Bermondsey Leather Market (established 200 years ago!) making special fancy goods, you may see ox and cow hides, calf skins, buffalo hides, and even the skins of crocodiles, pythons and sharks.

The leather industry in normal times absorbs about 7,000,000 cattle hides, 2,000,000 calf skins, and upwards of 25,000,000 sheep and goat skins each year. During the first year of the war, when export was almost as vital as the prosecution of the war itself, leather was exported from the Port of London in large quantities.

When the Lease-Lend Act made the acquisition of foreign exchange of secondary importance, the groups of factories could settle down in earnest to war productions. Leather uniforms, leather aircraft parts, leather parts for secret Naval devices, and, of course, boots, boots, boots! There was a demand to help meet the Australian requirements, which alone are 3,300,000 pairs in nine months!

Two of the oldest pubs in the locality are signs that the leather and associate wool trades go back quite a long way. "Simon the Tanner" and "The Fellmonger's Arms" are two pubs which date back at least 200 years, to the opening of the market.

In those days the leather factories were busy turning out "bottles," "bombards" and "black-flacks"—the drinking vessels of bygone days. They were made, not as now, by trim girls at electric cutters and pressers, but by craftsmen "saddlers," "girdlers," "boot-makers" and "pouch-makers."

Nowadays the "pouch-makers" have to make cases to carry the special perspective air maps used by Flying Fortress crews, and the twentieth-

century equivalents of the "girdlers" are making the leather thongs and other parts of electrically heated flying suits that keep men warm when flying three miles up. But the methods of leathercraft are just the same as those used by City craftsmen saddlers and girdlers in the Middle Ages.

Prices, of course, have gone up. Records of old haberdashers' prices show that "A pair of sheep-skin gloves cost one penny... a better pair three-halfpence." A "stout pair of boots made of cordwan and cow-leather" cost 3s. 6d., which is about a third the basic vocabulary cost price of Army boots.

The "cordwainer" is one of the oldest British craftsmen. The most famous leather of the Middle Ages was that from Cordova, a peculiar kind of soft leather made from the pelt of the mouflon. In mediæval England the word became twisted, and a saddler who worked in Cordova leather was called a "cordwainer"—a name which later implied a shoemaker, in an age when long-toed shoes were made almost exclusively from Cordova

### ODD QUOTES

In matters of religion and matrimony I never give any advice; because I will not have anybody's torments in this world or the next laid to my charge.

Earl of Chesterfield (1694-1773).

By God, Mr. Chairman, at this moment I stand astonished at my own moderation.

Clive of India.

leather. The London Cordwainers' Company is first mentioned as a Guild in 1272, when long-toed, brightly coloured street-slippers were popular.

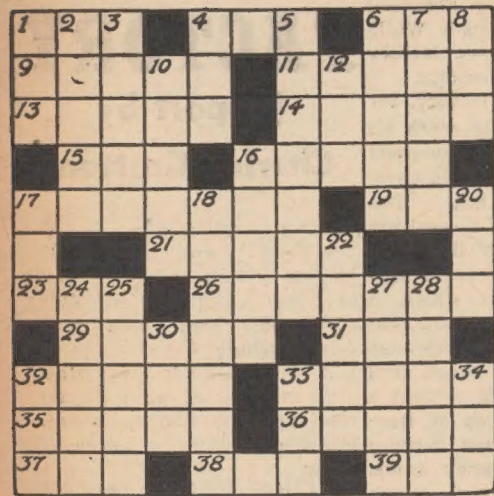
Now, on the same factory site, thigh-boots for glider troops and Commandos are being made. In the Middle Ages the highest rents were paid for tanneries near the river, on account of the valuable supply of fresh water available every twelve hours, and necessary for processing the hides. Foreign workers—Dutchmen and Italians—were admitted to the tanneries, and the Tanners' Guild (extensive warehouses with shops beneath) in Frydaystreet was kept exclusively for the use of "Strangers," as these foreign craftsmen were called.

Now refugee Belgians, Dutch girls, Czechs, and even anti-Nazi Germans, work in the leather shops, turning out war goods near the famous Folly Ditch, the Bermondsey tidal stream and tannery mentioned in "Oliver Twist."

Your letters are welcome! Write to  
"Good Morning"  
c/o Press Division,  
Admiralty,  
London, S.W.1



## CROSSWORD CORNER



## CLUES DOWN.

1 Little creature. 2 Soothe. 3 African village. 4 Rower. 5 Settling contest. 6 Takes in. 7 Love a lot. 8 Adults. 10 Essential. 12 Go too slow. 16 General purport. 17 Except. 18 Channel. 20 Surrey river. 22 Wanderer. 24 Musical show. 25 Rods. 27 Of sound. 28 Farm worker. 30 Triumphed. 32 Bulge. 33 Berry. 34 Indeed.

## CLUES ACROSS.

1 Scottish river. 4 Unusual. 6 Weir. 9 Grub. 11 Dodge. 13 Instinct. 14 Fowl. 15 Tank. 16 Wild animal. 17 Tardy. 19 Stitch. 21 Napery. 23 Apex. 26 Girl's name. 29 Control. 31 Low. 32 Under. 33 Convenient. 35 Sphere of action. 36 Proverb. 37 Fuel. 38 Tree. 39 Meadow.

## LIGHT CRAFT

A LURCH LIE  
DRA MA ACORN  
LED MASON E  
EVER CEMENT  
U AMUSE I  
DESPO T STEW  
R TILED ICE  
ABODE AFTER  
PAN SARAH I  
ERECT KNELT

## To-day's Brains Trust

THE Brains Trust to-day consists of a Philosopher, a Member of Parliament, a Millionaire, and a well-known Painter, and the question they are to try to answer is:—

Will the Brains Trust formulate, for the guidance of the people, six principles of sound living and thinking?

Philosopher: "I have, as a matter of fact, published many more than six principles of sound living and thinking in my book on Ethics, but I doubt if their publication has made anybody happier. Everybody likes giving advice, but few like taking it. The most important all-round piece of advice I have to give is what Aristotle recommended—have nothing in excess. The practice of temperance is the beginning of wise living."

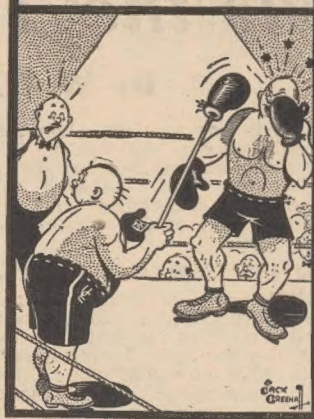
M.P.: "I believe that the human race progresses as the proportion of happy and contented people increases, and I think this result is obtained most rapidly by the general practice of the motto, 'Do unto others as you would they should do unto you.'"

"In other words, treat other people as you would like them to treat you, and you will be happy in the knowledge that you are helping the race to attain its goal, which has been described as 'the greatest happiness of the greatest number.'"

Painter: "If it is happiness that is desired, I should say the soundest piece of advice is—do not seek happiness. Happiness does not come by seeking for it, but is a sort of by-product of other activities. The greatest happiness I know arises from the contemplation

of beauty, but it invariably fails to come if the enjoyment of happiness is the object of my contemplation. Love beautiful things, true things and good things, and love them for their own sakes, and all else will be added."

## USELESS EUSTACE



"Nuthin' in the book of rules says I can't—!"

Millionaire: "It is quite true that happiness does not come to him who deliberately seeks it. Certain transitory pleasures may be had that way, but not true happiness."

"My recipe for sound living is—use all your faculties to the utmost, keep yourself fully occupied with the things you know you can do well. You will then be expressing yourself, which, after all, is

what we most desire to do. It means that you will leave your mark on the world—somewhere. It means the attainment of some sort of immortality."

Philosopher: "The second part of the question deals with sound thinking, and here I should say that it is of the utmost importance to know your limitations. Learn to distinguish between knowledge and mere opinion, and guard against the insidious influence of personal prejudice, which will often deceive you into thinking that your mere opinion is real knowledge."

"An Eastern sage divided men into four classes: 'He who knows not, and knows not that he knows not, is a fool—shun him! He who knows, and knows not that he knows, is asleep—wake him! He who knows not and knows that he knows not, wants beating—beat him! But he who knows, and knows that he knows, is a wise man—know him!'"

Millionaire: "I think somebody ought to mention the physical side of life. We have appetites and desires, as well as aspirations. They should not be neglected, but satisfied in moderation."

Philosopher: "The physical side of life cannot be separated from a man's ethical make-up."

"Philosophers agree that the satisfaction of the appetites should not be left to instinct, but be controlled by reason. It is this which raises man above the level of the pig."

Painter: "I should like to sum up by saying that the six chief points for wise living and thinking are the practice of temperance, treating others as you would like to be treated yourself, the belief that happiness cannot be had by seeking for it, employing your natural faculties to the utmost, loving beauty, goodness and truth, and learning to know exactly how much you do know and not merely opine."

## QUIZ for today

1. A pipul is a musical instrument, tree, bird, meeting of priests, small pill?
2. Who wrote (a) Mitch Miller, (b) Daisy Miller?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Blackbird, Thrush, Swallow, Cuckoo, Starling, Wren.
4. What is the total number of spots on a set of dominoes?
5. With what sport do you associate Fred Perry?
6. How many sides has a circle?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt? Mendicant, Marmosette, Mystic, Maladroit, Meticulous, Mavis.
8. What was Mary Pickford's maiden name?
9. What two countries are separated by the Panama Canal?
10. What animal is said to be unable to change its spots?
11. What is the meaning of "Amen"?

## Answers to Quiz in No. 377

1. Hot coal.
2. (a) Bulwer Lytton, (b) William de Morgan.
3. Curling is a winter game; others are summer games.
4. Four half-crowns, one shilling, sixpence, one penny.
5. Colorado.
6. Ten.
7. Masseuse, Mistletoe.
8. Kennet.
9. Chameleon.
10. Bridge.
11. Dundee.
12. Sow Thistle, Horsetail, Horse Chestnut, Dog Rose, Coltsfoot, Hogweed, Cows Parsley, Vipers Bugloss, Cowslip, Oxlip, Henbane, Crowfoot, etc.

## WANGLING WORDS—324

1. Put a bother in MEW and make a field.
2. In the following first line of a popular song, both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it? Graimerd thiew sharmtics fo a 'mi.
3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change LADY into BIRD and then back again into LADY, without using the same word twice.
4. Find two hidden foreign countries in: Our skipper was made irate and went in diabolical fury to his cabin.

## Answers to Wangling Words—No. 323

1. MarmOSET.
2. Seated one day at the organ.
3. JAN, pan, pen, den, DEC dew, few, fed, fad, fan, JAN.
4. Alf-red, W-alter.

## The Seven Wonders of the World

Among the following are the Seven Wonders Of The World. Can you find them? To-morrow we'll show you them on our back page.

- (1) St. Peter's, Rome.
- (2) Madame Tussaud's Wax-works.
- (3) The Statue of Jupiter Olympus.
- (4) The Tablets of Moses.
- (5) The Buddha of Lompopo.
- (6) The Pyramids.
- (7) The Mausoleum.
- (8) The Rock Temples of Persia.
- (9) Hitler's moustache.
- (10) Chaplin's moustache.
- (11) Peru's Inca Burial Grounds.
- (12) The Temple of Diana at Ephesus.
- (13) Niagara Falls.
- (14) Pharos of Alexandria.
- (15) Chinese Wall.
- (16) The Colossus of Rhodes.
- (17) Pekin's Sacred Palace.
- (18) The Taj Mahal.
- (19) The Hanging Gardens of Babylon.
- (20) The Price of Whisky.
- (21) Giant's Causeway.

## J.S. Newcombe's Short odd—But true

If you undertake to repay a loan with interest after the decease of a person from whom you expect to receive money, you give what is called a post-obit bond.

There is an emerald-green variety of garnet known as Uvarovite, after the Russian statesman Uvarov.

Frequent riots a century back in the manufacturing towns of the North were the result of acute distress among the workers. They got the name of Plug Riots from the rioters' action in drawing the plugs from the boilers, and so stopping the machinery.

Plymouth Brethren are not at great variance with other Protestant bodies, for they recognise no order of ministers, and receive into communion all who acknowledge Christ.

Chicago opened the first Rotary Club in 1905, "to encourage higher ethical standards in business." The movement became an International Association in 1912, and now there are Rotary Clubs in 78 countries.

## He Stole 12 Million Acres

Says Ronald Garth

NEARLY sixty years ago an American train conductor named Jim Reavis tired of punching tickets. By absolute chance, he found in an old book the papers of an old faked hoax that made him millionaire landlord of 12,000,000 acres.

Jim Reavis put everything he had into making those papers look convincing. He knew that the gold and silver being mined in the Arizona hills was enough to rescue him from the tramway.

Presently, Reavis had a notice placarded in every "Wild West" town and village in Arizona. Calling himself the Baron Peralta-Reavis, he announced that the land was rightfully his.

To the ranchers and farmers he showed his title deeds, documents supposedly signed by an English king which gave him right over the lands since before the War of Independence.

"I don't want to make things hard for anyone," said Reavis. "Although the land's mine, you can remain on it—for a consideration!"

Surprising though it seems, not one of the hard-living ranchers doubted Reavis or his documents.

He employed hundreds of rent-collectors on a commission basis. They had only to ask for money—and Reavis became rich.

He drove round in a painted carriage with footmen to open the doors.

Through his agents he laid claim to all the natural assets of the region—land, water, mineral rights, lumber, grazing acres, timber lands, and rich mining valleys. A railway wanted a right-of-way.

Lawyers delved into the "Baron's" quaint old official papers. They apparently proved the old Spanish-English grants which America

was bound to recognise. The railway company paid up to the tune of £50,000. A mining company offered a similar sum for mining rights. Jim seemed to be in clover.

Then Reavis had occasion to fight a case before the Court of Land Claims.

So certain was he that his forgeries could not be discovered that he even invited the authorities to send to Mexico and Spain for the old records.

Years before he had found the name of the extinct family of Peralta in the official archives of Spain and Mexico.

By going from one printer to another, he had created a set of ancient-looking documents, which gave the impression that the Peralta family still existed, with himself as the last representative.

To make the Arizona claim still more "genuine," he had inserted these fake papers amongst the official records. Jim Reavis was astute, but he made one mistake. A man who studied old documents for a hobby was looking through the Peralta papers when he noticed that a document dated 1748 was printed in an antique-looking type that wasn't invented until 1875.

Another document, dated Madrid, 1760, had the watermark of a Wisconsin paper mill that wasn't started till 1850. Those slips led to the loss of all the hoaxer's fortunes and a term of seven years in jail!

Mr. Podsnap settled that whatever he put behind him he put out of existence. . . . Mr. Podsnap had even acquired a peculiar flourish of his right arm in often clearing the world of its most difficult problems, by sweeping them behind him. Charles Dickens.



## MEN BEAT A.T.S. GIRLS IN COOKERY CONTEST.

At a cookery contest between a Salisbury all-men cookery class and a team of A.T.S. girls the competitors were required to demonstrate their prowess in the concoction of an omelette, pancake, sausage toad-in-the-hole, and a jam tart.

The men's team, which included a company director, a canon and a banker, achieved a better all-round average than the girls.

The only man to get full marks thinks a man and his wife should be partners in everything—cooking, too. "Food is one of the most important fronts in this war," said the Canon. He added that "Bad cookery is bad for the soul."

## JANE









Good Morning



"Land of Our Fathers." And here's our fathers singing for us, Bach, just like an Eistedfodd, us being away as you can imagine, man.



"Coming as I do from Isle of Man — I can't join in this, being tail-less."



## This England

So long as the Dart flows to the sea, there is Dartmouth, and so long as there is Dartmouth, there is the Butterwalk, and its lovers.



Girls, girls! Ever heard of "Knees up, knees up — don't get the breeze up"?



"Another half furlong, two chains and one ell — and I'll be where I want."



"This wasn't the end I wanted to meet. But, still, it'll have to do, I expect."



"Funny things, these animals. They haven't the power of ratiocination, like us humans. May as well humour the beast."

### OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Try again kid. Milk's the other side."

